THE HEART OF HOLLAND. By HERET HAVARD.
Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoev. (Franklin Square
Labrary.) 8vo. pp. 46. Harper & Brothers. The province of Zealand, which is described by the author as the Heart of Holland, and which forms the subject of most of these animated sketches of travel, affords a rich field for the study of national character and the description of national manners. It is no easy matter, M. Havard remarks at the outset, even in this day of universal facilities, to travel through the whole of the province, as communications between the islands of which it is composed are infrequent, and there is no regular system of transport between the more distant points. The traveller must, accordingly, pro ride himself with the means of conveyance which shall always be fit for use, and in this country, where water chiefly abounds, the only vehicle that is everyway adapted to the purpose is a boat. So author with two travelling companions, both artists, resolved to fit up a boat for themselves, and chose the same commodious craft in which they had formerly explored together the banks of The old boat was sent the Zuyder Zee. up to Deift, and there provided with a new coat of paint and varnish till it looked as fresh and gay as if just off the stocks. In the roomy lockers skilfully fitted to ber curved sides was laid up a good store of provisions-coffee, sugar, tea, preserves of every kind, fole de gras, and biscuits, to say nothing of jars and bottles in every variety. The saloon was hung with cotton stuff, pale gray in color: the little space was divided into its allotted portions by partitions; and the sleeping room was furnished with three beds and the indispensable cupboards. The kitchen had quite a martial air; its battery glittered like an arsenal; the stove shope with the brightness of the freshest polish; and the glasses and dishes gleamed, resplendently from their little pigeon-holes. In each corner of the saloon was a flower-stand; and brackets adorned the walls, on which the arsenal of weapons, bristled amidst maps and sketches. There was a sofa which made one lazy even to look at it; easy chairs extended their arms in the most enticing manner; and a table with a beautiful cover worthy of its lofty gastronomic destiny. Orders

veyage:—
Are you acquainted with Dordrecht? It is one of
the most interesting towns I have ever been in. If
I had to give it a surname, I should not be at a loss
for a moment. I would call it the "Hospitable,"
for there is not a town in Europe more cheerful.
pleasant and cordial of aspect. From whatever side
it may be approached, its aspect is the same, shiling, kindly, with an air of welcome; and no sooner
does one get into the midst of it than one feels at
home. Even at first sight there is nothing foreign,
nothing strange, about it. The traveller wonders
where he has previously seen that graceful, picturesque outline—the black windmills with their ochretinted sails, the outer ring of leafy trees, the red seque outline—the black windmills with their ochretinted sails, the outer ring of leafy trees, the red quays, the top-heavy houses, and, towering above them all, the lofty steenle with its four-faced clock-dial. Ah, he remembers! It was in the paintings of Cuyp, Van Goven, and Ruysdael, those masters who were all three in love with that delicious landscape, with shat magic river, and with the brightly tinted city which looks into its waters as into a silventice with the second of the said of t

were given to the crew to take the dainty lit

tle ship to Dordrecht, while the jolly mariners

awaited its arrival to embark upon their romantic

the river. The great barges, with their broad sails, were gently rocked by the passage of the steamboats; a forest of masts crowded the readstead; and dainty boats cut furrows in the water on every side. The quay was always crowded; groups of people loitered about under the majestic trees; and they all seemed to be assembled there for the express purpose of greeting the newly arrived trav-Nothing more lively of expression, more complete of aspect, more cordial and cheery, could be seen. Now the traveller does not always come to town by sea, but Dort is ever hospitable, let it turn which side of its face it may to the new arrival, and is connected with the handsomest railway station in Holland by avenues bordered with superb flower-gardens. The hospitality of Dort is illustrated by a whimsical adventure of the author

trated by a whimsical adventure of the author, which he relates at length:—

Four years ago I was at Dort, with the same two friends, and we three were keeping house together in the same tjalk. Madame de Stolopine, the wife of the Russian Minister at Hagne, a charming woman, very clever and highly informed, of artistic tastes, and consequently largely endowed with curiosity, had expressed a desire to inspect our river-house. On our arrival at Dordrecht, we telegraphed to Madame de Stolopine that we were at her service, quite ready to receive her, and houed she would breakfast on board our boat the following day. Two hours after the dispatch of our mes-

she would breakfast on board our boat the following day. Two hours after the dispatch of our message her answer arrived. It was as follows: "I accept your invitation; I shall arrive to-morrow at 11. May I bring some one with me?" We had never thought of such a thing as her coming all by berself, and we answered, "Bring anyone you please." As, however, I was cook and butter on board, I added as a measure of precaution, "Please say how many guests we may expect." Having sent off this pertinent question, I began to make out the bill of fare for the morrow, and to consider seriously how we should manages as not to run short of china, glass and silver on the great occasion. The problem was a difficult one; we had just eight covers. But I was flattering myself that I had hit upon a clever combination, and that all would go well, when a second telegram arrived, "We shall be ten in all."

Tan't Good heavens! What was to be done?

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well, when a second telegram arrived. We shall be ten in all."

Ten! Good heavens! What was to be done? Heemskerk and Constant were in a boat in the middle of the river, absorbed in sketching. To apply to them for aid or comfort was impossible; so I put a boid face on the matter, and went off to confide my perplexity to M. Blussé, who was then director of the Museum, and has since become a member of the States-General. M. Blussé listened to me with malign curiosity, under which I detected a strong inclination to laugh "consumedly." This inclination I did not share in the least, for my renutation was at stake.

This inclination I did not share in the teast, for my reputation was at stake.

"I understand your difficulty," said he at length, "but we can easily set things right. In the first place, what do you want? Provisions? You can get everything in the town, and very good."

"But! I don't know the town. Where are the purveyors to be found?"

"That will be all right. I will send you to the kesteless from our club, and he will take you to all the best places."

the best places,"

"And the silver, the glasses, the plates and

dishes f"
"I will take care you have everything of that kind. The kastelein shall see to those also. And as for fruit, you must let me send you some. I have more than I know what to do with."
"Many thanks; I accept most gratefully. Oh, the carriages! Is there a good livery-stable in the town f We shall have to send to the station to fetch our guests."
"I'll manage that; the carriages also shall be my affair. You shall have four, up to time, to-morrow.

"I'll manage that; the carriages also shall be my affair. You shall have four, up to time, to-morrow, and I hope you will find everything all right."

These conferring assurances relieved my anxiety, and seemed to lift at least a hundredweight from off my breast. We went at once to the club; the keateleis placed himself at my disposal, and he and I sallied forth to lay in the requisite provisions. In the evening I drew up the programme of our breakfast, which was to consist of eight plats, in three courses. Heemskerk and Constant set to work with a will and designed some lovely means, and I sent Shuralk, our schipper, with a modest handbasket, to bring back the fruit that the admirable M. Blussé had promised me. Shuraik returned in an hour, staggering under the weight of a luge hamper, lo-ded with a rich treasure of melous, pears, peaches and grapes, which, to judge from their size, might have been grown in the land of Canaan "What in the world do you mean by bringing such a basket as that !" Thus had M. Blussé addressed the schipper. "You might as well have brought a plate!" And, regardless of the apologies of Shurnik, he helped him to hoist on his shoulders a hamper which weighed as much as a humane man would like to put on the back of a middle-sized donkey.

This, however, was not the only surprise in store

donkey.

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This, however, was not the only surprise in store for us. The next morning, at 8 o'clock, just as I was warming to my cooking, a messenger arrived in charge of a superb service of plate. The handles of the knives and forks bore splendid heraldic shields; and there were eighty-eight covers. At 9 came a dinner-service of exquisite chins, a quantity of richly cut glass, and table linen of the finest damast. We were somewhat like Marguerite; "we did not know what to say." Finally, at half-past 10 o'clock, four faultless equipages—princely knocaus, each drawn by two superb horses, and with a conchman and footman arrived.

Permit me to pass, with fifting reserve, over the breakfast prepared by your humble servant, set out, presented and served by Heemskerk and Constant de Rebesque, who were correctly arrayed in black slottes and white gloves. The little feast was a merry one; everyone laughed and talked a great deal, and ate and drank even more; and nothing could be more enthusiastic than the admiration laviabed upon our queer quarters and their "getup," The splender of our table appointments was extolled, and we received the tribute of graine in wocket vilence, carrying it all the while to the account of the good town of Dordrecht, and its dear good people in general, and our inestimable friend the admirable M. Blussé ia particular.

The first leading of the gay reysterere after leav-

The first landing of the gay roysterers after leaving Dordrocht was at Zieriksoe, the ancient capital of

the island of Schouwen, and once a place of great com mercial importance. The fish-market of the town is a peculiar institution, and next to the beauty of the women, is at present one of its chief attractions. It is a market in miniature, just like a scene in a comic opers, with a court and garden, a covered platform, porticoes and colonnades, and to represent the flat seene at the back a dainty bit of a house daubed in

green and yellow. The laland of Schouwen is rich. Madder is grown The Island of Schouwen is rich. Madder is grown and soda made there. For centuries past these two articles have been exported in great quantities, and for centuries past they have had a preference in the markets because of their excellent quality. The soil is fertile, easily worked, and admirably cultivated. The people are brave, intelligent and industrious. In addition to Zicrikzee, which may be regarded as its capital, the island possesses another town, called Bronwershaven, which is situated on the north side, and a good many villages—Koude-kerke, Kerkwerve, Renesse, etc.—consisting of a number of pretty little houses, inhabited by industrious peasants. One would think that an expedition into the island ought to furnish matter for a number of curious remarks and interesting and characteristic observations. This, however, is not the case. Foreigners, unaccustomed to the habits and customs of the Dutch people, would find a good deal to surprise them in Schouwen, especially its the case. Foreigners, unaccustomed to the banks and customs of the Dutch people, would find a good deal to surprise them in Schouwen, especially its scrupulous cleanliness. The netheid, as the fashion for washing, brushing and polishing is called in this country, would certainly delight them, for throughout the whole extent of this great tongue of land a dusty tile or ill-kept room would be looked for equally in vain. This is, however, the only specialty of the country. Schouwen, of all the Zealand islands, most resembles the Dutch provinces. With the exception of the pensants' carts, which are strange, unaccountable and marvellous objects, I saw nothing there that diff-red essentially from what we had already remarked in other parts of the Netherlands. Nor has the language anything typical in it. The manners and customs of the place are pretty much the same as those of the banks of the Maas. The costume of the men is not remarkable. The head-dress of the women is like those large veils which we descried in the environs of Puttershoek. We need not, therefore, make any delay in these villarces. The country round, though fertile, is very tame; its picture-que aspect does not gain by its excessive richness.

On arriving at Thalen, a little dot of an island, the activities are retreased to the same attracted by its arristic

On arriving at Thalen, a little dot of an island, the æsthetic sailors were attracted by its artistic exterior, and determined to land. They found the signs of a large village rather than of a once powerful city. The houses were detached, and the extent seemed far too great for its population. But on first ight the spectacle was very charming:-

No great cultivated park, no prize farm, no vil-

sight the spectacle was very charming:

No great cultivated park, no prize farm, no village paradise, ever presented a more pleasing aspect. On all sides are rich crops, golden fields or grassy meadows, intersected by broad alleys of great trees, curving gracefully away into the distance. On all sides is abundance, wealth, even profusion. The harvest is near, and the full cars bend their long golden stems toward the earth; this is the boasted wheat of Zealand, "the fairest and the sweetest that can be seen," the grain that was famous in the Middle Ages, celebrated even in Italy, and which astonished Guicciardini. How right was Hoffer, the maker of Latin verses, when he lauded the fertility of this exceptionally generous soil, which refuses nothing to those who bestow their care upon it:—

"Fertilise set frugim pecorisque aberrima tellus."

A dozen young girls are working in the ficials in front of us. Their arms are bare, their petticeats are short, the straw hats shading their eyes are trimmed with blue ribbons crossed over the back. One of these girls, standing on the ridge of the dike, and quite surprised to find us in that place, salutes us with her voice, and waves her hand. "Good morning, gentlemen."—"Good-diay, fair ladies."—"Whence come you, then ""—"From a very distant country, which none of you have ever seen. Which is the road to Tholen ""—"From a very distant country, which none of you have ever seen. Which is the road to Tholen in Many others have found it who came from as far as you."—"Will you show it to us ""—"What! Do the girls in your country lead the men " and then a burst of clear and silvery laughter runs from lip to lip among the whole group, like fire along a train of powder.—"Good-bye, you saucy girl; at least tell girls in your country lead the men !" and then a burst of clear and silvery laughter runs from lip to he among the whole group, like fire along a train of powder.—"Good-bye, you saucy girl; at least tell me your name."—"My mother knew it before me; go and ask it of ber."—"Well, then, where is your mother !"—"Where a woman ought to be—beside her husband." Thereupon the laughter is renewed; we take our share in it, and wave our hands to the girls, who return the sainte with interest. A little further on the working engaged on the dike give us the information which the merry girl whose mother knew tername so well had reinsed. They point out a shady road, which after a few windings and half an hour's walking, leads us to the wide old moat that formerly encircled the ramparts of Tholen. Never was I more delighted with the entrance to any city. In a moment we seemed to be transported to one of the great English parks, or a beautiful suburban domain in the vicinity of London. The old city, shaded by immemorial trees and surrounded by rich plantations, seems to nestle hixuriously amidst all this verifure. Limpld waters have its sides. Is antique bastions, converted into gardens, are reflected in the tranquit flow, while a great mill, painted white and streaked with the brightest hees, strikes a lively note in this concert of harmonious coloring. Every object adds to the singular aspect of the scene, even the iron railing which replaces the Oudelandschepoort, or "ancient gate of the city."

One of the next landings made by the roving artists was at the little village of Wormeldingen, to which they were attracted by a remarkable

Wormeldingen is a curious village. Its trees and houses closely resemble a big box of Nuremberg toys just unpacked. Imagine a double row of dwellings, all squat, all pretty, all spotlessly clean, all painted in vivid colors, all built exactly in the same way, with the same maferials, piaced in two long lines, symmetrically intersected by straw-colored woodwork. Before these two lines of houses, plant two rows of little old trees, with thick trunks and sparse foliage, all clipped, shaped and pointed; all of the same size, and forming a kind of acreen, not hicker or higher at one end than at the other, nor in the middle than at the two extremities. Then, in the street—dusted, cleaned, scraped unremittingly; where the houses are washed and waxed until you could not find a spot upon them, nor so much as a straw lying about; where the trees have a combed and brushed look, and not a leaf is ont of its place—picture a population of honest folk all dressed after the same fashion—the son like the father, and the father like the grandfather; the much as a straw lying about, where the trees may a combed and brushed look, and not a leaf is out of its place—picture a population of honest folk all dressed after the same fashion—the son like the father, and the father like the grandfather; the little girl like the grandmother—and you have Wormeldingen as nearly as I can give you an idea of the place. Be careful to remember that each little house, taken separately, is a pretty bonbon box; and that the costumes, taken separately, are charming. These peasants, great and small, dressed entirely in velvet and black cloth, with their knee-breeches, their coarse stockings, their shoes with silver buckles, their high waistcoats with double rows of buttons in filigree silver, their coats cut mot their waists, their belts with silver clasps, and their gold buttons at the neck, look remarkably well. Complete this costume by a gracefully shaped felt hat, the brim raised behind and sloping in front, so that it forms a sort of visor, and you will have a notion of the dress which is worn in Zuid-Beveland. This costume looks pretty on the children, elegant on the men and picturesque on the old people; and it is always and everywhere most original and characteristic. The uniform of the women—for I really must call it so—is equally curious and equally tasteful. From their most tender youth to the pitiless age at which the body, bent by years, is bowed down toward the earth soon to be its last resting place, the form and arrangement of the women's attire are unvariable. From the cradle to the arms, the bust confined by a very tight bodice, over which lies, in graceful folds, a handkerchief, fastened by a coral brooch. The face is framed in a coif with wide borders, which is highly adorned, and generally slim and delicate. The slenderness of the women's figures is rendered more striking by an enormous petticoat, three yards wide, which is held out by a monstrous hoop resembling a bell; the body, from the waist up representing the handle and the two slauder legs the clapper. Wh

Perhaps he wants to make the frightful picture that he places before our eyes seem more striking from this contrast.

The interior of the vast and ancient church presents a mounful aspect. Its wide nave terminates in a rain; it is separated by a wooden partition from a gigantic transept; and the latter, transformed into a covered passage which leads from one end of the quarter to another, opens upon a space once occupied by the choir, which has long since disappeared. Nothing can be more impressive than this great empty piece of ground covered with briers, where there are a few great trees, where the grass grows hard, dry and scanty, as though in a countery, and where the eye seeks in vain among the undulations of the soil for fraces of the vanished choir. Those great ogival bays, now masked by common masoury, and those majestic arcades, whose fine (architectural curves remain unfinished, produce a dreary effect. Still more melaneboly is the transept, which has been transformed into a pas-

sage, and is now a receptacle for mutilated tombs, headless statues and broken geneve-stabs. A great company of heroes have been laid to rest in this noble sanctuary. The ancient Seigneurs of Bergen had their place of sepulture within its precincts; and, after them, the governors of the city. Morgan, who repulsed the Duke of Parma; Louis of Kethel, who opposed Spinola, were interred here. The gratitude of the inhabitants had decreed pompous inscriptions, has reliefs and statues to these valiant heroes; they rested under the shadow of great porticees of marble; but the cannon of 1747 disturbed their eternal slumber, and mingled their ashes by breaking into their tombs. Of all these superb menuments, there remains only a few fragments, and we may think ourselves fortunate to be able to make out from whence they came.

able to make out from whence they came.

The descriptive passages in this work will naturally be found to possess the greatest interest for the mated and graphic, never wasting strength by diffuseness of expression, or impairing the effect of the picture by extravagance of detail. They evince a frank and joyous temperament on the part of the writer, a willingness to be pleased and a desire to please, but not at the expense of nicety of observation or accuracy of portraiture. Not so much, perhaps, can be said of the copious historical notices which accompany the narative, many of which could have been spared without injury to the reader, and some of which do not appear to be sustained by the standard authorities on the subject.

## ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE MICHIGAN SENATOR. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER: An Odtline Sketch of his Life and Public Services, by The Detroit Post and Tribune, with an Introductory Letter from JAMES G. BLAINE. 8vo, pp. 396, xxxvi. Detroit: Post and Tribune Co.

A biography of Zachariah Chandler is valuable and interesting not only as a contribution to current political history, but as a record of the career of a nan of singularly sturdy and upright character, of earnest convictions and resolute will, who carved out for himself a pathway in life that led to conspicuous business success, to high public posi-tion and to great influence in National affairs. It is, besides, an account of the rise, growth and triumpbs of the great party of freedom and National unity whose first organization Mr. Chandler belped form, whose early battles he bravely fought, and whose steadfast champion and wise counselfor he remained until the day of his death. The career of the Michigan Senator as a National politician covered the entire period from the formation of the Republican party in 1854 out of the anti-slavery elements of the old Whig and Democratic parties. through its struggles for the freedom of the Territo ries, the preservation of the Union and the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves, down to its last great achievement, the resumption of specie payment. His life is, therefore, to a great extent the history of that party, and will be read with interest by all who have shared in its labors and triumphs, who realize the immense importance of the work it has done for humanity, and who honor the men, whether living or dead, that have devoted their

Mr. Chandler's biography is unique in its authorship. The book, which is modestly entitled an outline sketch, and is in reality a thorough and wellwritten account of his business and political career, is the joint work of the members of The Detroit Post and Tribune's editornal staff, and is published by that concern. No individual claims credit for writing or compiling the matter. Mr. Chandler was a large stockholder in The Post and Tribune, its editors were his personal friends, and the work of praise and overestimates into which biographie sense in the arrangement of material and the selection of such incidents from his public career the salient features of his character and show the nature of his influence and activities as a states man and party leader. An introductory letter from James G. Blaine is prefixed to the volume.

EARLY LIFE. Zachariah Chandler was born in Bedford, N. H. December 10, 1813, in a big, substantial frame farmhouse which is still standing, and is the home of an elder sister. His father, Sannel, was a well five. His mother, Margaret Orr, whom he more reconspicuous man of his day in that part of New-Hampshire. One of her brothers was in Congress from Maine and another invented the applica nace. Thomas, an uncle of the Senator, served many terms in the State Legislature, and was in Congress from 1829 to 1833. The boy Zachariah | Free Democratic ticket, but declared their willinghealthy strong unick-tempered and selfreliant. His education was mainly obtained in the little brick schoolhouse which still stands in Bedford. Beyond a common school training he had no advantages save a few terms at the academies of teenth and seventeenth years. At school he was a leader in the sports of the boys. He was the best wrestler in the town. As nearly all bright young men in rural New-England did at that time, he taught a district school. Next we find him a clerk in a store at Nashua, and soon after, a year before he had reached his majority, he joined the current of Western emigration, which had re-ceived a powerful stimulus from the opening of the Erie Canal, and went to Detroit. His brother-in law, Franklin Moore, accompanied him, and in the Fall of 1833 they began the retail dry goods business under the firm-name of Moore & Chandler. Young Chandler had some assistance from his father, who, it is said, gave him \$1,000 with the privilege of using it to get a college education or to embark in business. This advance, together with another that was made to build a store for the new firm, was soon repaid. Detroit was at that time a frontier village with only 4,000 inhabitants. On all the Western lakes there were but eighteen steam craft, and they were of such a primitive character that the voyage from Buffalo to Detroit took thirtynine hours. A stage line was opened that year to Chicago-the journey consuming five days. Michigau was then a Territory embracing all the country now comprised in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and its population in 1830 had been ascertained to be 32,531. HARD WORK AND BUSINESS PROSPERITY.

Mr. Chandler's business grow with the growth of Detroit. The firm was dissolved in 1836 and the junior partner went on with the store alone. Those who knew him then say he was a tall, gaunt, wiry youth, blunt in his ways, simple in habits, diffident, but shrewd; tireless in labor and of unlimited energy. He worked day and night, slept in the store, acted as proprietor, salesman or porter as was needed, lived on \$300 a year, avoided society and allowed only the Presbyterian Church to divide his attention with business. The homely good sense and nuaffected manners of the young merchant made him popular with the farmers, among whom his trade rapidly increased. During the cholera season of 1834, his courage and self-sacrifice shone conspicuously. For weeks he watched by sick beds and aided in burying the dead, moving among the victims of the pestilence without thought of the risk to his own life. Before long his business grew to such an extent

that he added a wholesale department. Every year he drove through the State, visiting its young towns, cross-roads and clearings, making acquaintances with its country merchants at their and studying the resources of the region he was af-terwards to represent in the Senate. While extending his business by these journeys, he laid the foundation, in an extensive acquaintance, of his future political career. His companion, it is interesting to know, was Henry P. Baldwin, who went to Michigan and engaged in business at his suggestion, and who sneceeded him in the Senate. In 1850 Mr. Chandler made his business an exclusively whole sale one, and had accumulated what for that time was a handsome fortune. Wise investments and continued mercantile prosperity increased his means until at the time of his death his estate was worth \$2,000,000. Every deliar of

ning to the end of his mercantile career, was serious embarrassment. That was in 1838, after the financial crash had destroyed the "wildcat" banks in the West. He had given a note for \$5,000 to Arthur Tappan & Co., of New-York, and could not raise good money enough to pay it when is feil due. Very sensitive on the roint of meeting his engagements, he supposed an assignment was necessary and called on James F. Joy, then a young attorney and afterward his counsel, to draw up the papers.

Joy declined and urged Chandler to write to the New-York firm, explain his circumstances and ask them to renew the note. The advice was followed, the note was readily renewed and paid at maturity. Speaking of this occurrence about two months be-fore his death, Mr. Chandler said that if it had not been for that advice he might have been a clerk on a salary all the rest of his life. Says the

biography: The great multitude who knew Mr. Chandler as a public man knew nothing of this early chapter of business life. It wholly antecated his appearance at Washington, and the chunnels in which his atrong energies made themselves felt there and in his younger lays were widely distinct. But it is a fact that he was a remarkable man of business, and as thorough a merchant as ever developed in the West a great trade from small beginnings. His was a doubly successful areer. Before he had reached middle age he had won success in business and a fortune. Then he entered public lite and made himself a leader of men in a historie cra.

FIRST STEPS IN A POLITICAL CAREER. The main facts in Mr. Chandler's history after he was elected to the Senate are familiar to everybody, but much less is known of his part in the organization of the Republican party, and of his political activity in the period before that party sprang full-armed from the heart and brain of the people of the North. Prior to 1854 Chandler was an Anti-Slavery Whig. After his business prosperity was secured he began to take an active share in the local work of the Whig party, making his maiden speech in 1818. Michigan was at that time a strong Democratic State, completely under the sway of General Lewis Cass, and for a young man to join any other than the Democratic party was seemingly to put himself beyond the hope of a public career. The rising merchant attended the Wing meetings and served upon the Whig local committees, but never allowed himself to be nominated for any office until 1851, when his party put him on its ticket for Mayor of Detroit. Then he set to work and organized his first political battle with characteristic thoroughness, making a personal canvass of every ward. He led his ticket 400 votes, and was elected. In 1852 the Whigs ran him for Governor, but the Democratic hold on the State, which had never but once been broken-in 1840was still firm, and he was beaten. It was the Presidential year, but Chandler's personal popularity carried him nearly a thousand votes ahead of General Scott, Robert McCielland was the Democratic nomines for Governor, and the Free Soilers, who had a vigorous little organization in Michigan, ran Isaac P. Christiancy. Mr. Chandler's strong anti-slavery sentiments had not yet turned him away from his old party attachments. Like Horace Greeley he supported the Whig Presidential ticket, and "spat upon the platform." The following year the Whig party in Michigan performed its last conspicuous act before giving up the ghost by supporting Chandler as its candidate for the

Mr. Chandler's hostility to slavery went beyond a mere sentiment. Detroit was the chief terminus of the "Underground Railroad," and the prosperous merchant was a regular and liberal contributor to the fund for operating the line. An attempt to carry back to slavery a family that had escaped from Kentucky and settled near Detroit aroused his vigorous opposition. He aided in baffling the his vigorous opposition. He added in oraling the sales slave-eartchers, and in getting the poor negroes safely across into Canada, and afterwards paid a large sum to fight in the courts a sum brought by the owner gainst some of the persons who had resisted their agents. He had no patience with the proslavery religion of the day. One of his customers went with him to church one Sunday, and heard a went with him to church one Sunday, and heard a setmon that had an evident pre-slavery flavor, fol-lowed by a prayer by a visiting clergyman, who invoked the dryme blessing on the down-trodden and the oppressed. At the conclusion of the ser-vices Mr. Chandler went up to the pulpit and said to the visitor who had prayed, "Thank you for that prayer, It was all I heard this morning that was worth hearing."

Events were ripe in 1854 for the organization of new party to oppose the aggressions of the slave ness to withdraw it in order to form a more powerder the Oaks" Convention at Jackson, on the 6th of July, where a new party was formed and christened "Republican" The honor of bestowing this name is accorded to Horace Greeley, who, in a letter to Joseph Warren, one of the leaders of the new movement, received by him two days before the convention assembled, suggested the title Republican. Mr. Warren gave this letter to Jacob M. Howard, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and the name was adopted in the platform. Mr. Chandler made a strong the platform. Mr. Chandler made a strong speech to the Convention, and immediately stepped into the front rank of the leaders of the new party. Michigan was revolutionized at once, the Republicans electing in the ensuing November their Governor, a majority in the Legislature and three out of the tour Congressmen. From that day to this the State has never once failed to go Republican at a general election. It is a curious fact, showing the strong material of which the Jackson convention was composed, that every Gov-

Republican at a general election. It is a curious fact, showing the strong material of which the Jackson convention was composed, that every Governor chosen since, save Henry H. Crapo, who dignot settle in Michigan until 1856, and every Senator save Thomas W. Ferry, who had then barely attained his majority, was present at that great gathering "under the oaks."

During the Kansas excitement Mr. Chandler's forcible, earnest speeches aided in intensifying the feeling against fastening slavery on the West by Federal bayonets. He subscribed \$10,000 in aid of the stringgling Free State men. After Sumner was assaulted by Brooks in the Senate he said, in a speech in Detroit, "had I been on the floor of the Senate when that assault occurred, so help me God, that ruffian's blood would have flowed." Mr. Chandler was a member of the Pittsburg Convention, held on the 22d of February, 1856, which provided the Republican party with a National organization, and he was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention the same year which rominated John C. Fremont for the Presidency. William L. Dayton was put on the ticket for Vice-President, but Mr. Chandler and four others threw their ballots for Abraham Lincoln.

CHOSEN A UNITED STATES SENATOR. Mr. Chandler's vigorous efforts in the Fremont ampaign designated him as the leading candidate for Cass's seat in the Senate, and he was chosen Senator in 1857, his principal competitor being Isaac P. Christiancy. He took his seat at the extra session convened on March 4 of that year. The Senate was then controlled by the South, Breckenridge was Vice-President, and among the members from that section were Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, John M. Slidell, R. M. T. Hunter, John M. Mason, David L. Yulce and Robert Toombs. Mr. Chandler's leading Republican colleagues were Seward, Wade, Sumner, Wilson, Harlan, Fessenden, Hamlin, Cameron and Collamer. Says the biography:

graphy:

Zacherich Chandler entered the Senate with an abiding faith in Northern civilization and its right to supremacy, with a wise distruct of Southern professions, with a great hatred of lostlintions poisoned by sinvery, with a determination to attack treason wherever found, with an unquestioning belief that his cause was right and its detectat impossible, and with as resolute a spirit as ever crossed the threshold of the Senate Chamber. His nature was without an atom of compromise, and was strong in its rugged qualities of courage, honesty, sincerity, firmness and moral interpility.

A better description of his character and political A better description of his character and political

notives could hardly be made in two sentences. When Mr. Chandler entered the Senate the advo-

cates of Slavery were carrying their arrogant, domincering spirit to such a point that resistance to their purposes was regarded by them as justifying violence and moult. The brutal assault on Charles Summer was fresh in mind. Horace Greeley had been assailed by Rust, of Arkansas, in the Capitol grounds. Henry Wilson had been challenged by Brooks for denouncing his cowardly attack on his estate was worth \$2,000,000. Every dollar of this fortune, says his biography, was the product of personal industry and good judgment put forth in a field wisely selected and with only slight aid at the outset. Never but once, from the begin-

had the antisfaction of seeing the South Carel-back down. William McKee Dung, of Ind. when challenged by Bust, of Arkansas, wrifes at sixty paces, and Potter, of Wisco specified bowie-knives in response to Roge Pryor's challenge. The due of the not come of, people began to suspect that the blusterm Southern members arosa merely from their b that the Republicans would not fight. Mr. C dler took his seat with a firm determination ad the attafaction of seeing the sek down. William McKee De Southern members aross merely from their belief that the Republicans would not fight. Mr. Chandler took his seat with a firm determination that he would not be bullied, and that if occasion came he would fight without hesitation. No one despised the "code" more than he, but he thought the time had come to put a stop to the Southern practice of hectoring and insulting Northern men. A display of personal courage, even though it shocked the Northern sentiment against duelling, he believed would be of service to the cause he had at heart. In February, 1858, a personal altereation occurred in the House between Keitt, of South Carolina, and Grow, of Pennsylvania, in which Keitt was the aggressor. Blows were struck, and a general melee followed. Shortly afterward a colloquy occurred in the the Senate between Simon Cameron and Green, of Missouri, in which the lie was given and threats made by Green of personal violence. Out of this affair and the intense feeling that prevailed in both houses at the time grew a remarkable agreement, which was put upon paper, signed by Beujamin F. Wade, Simon Cameron and Zachariah Chandler, and scaled with the understanding that it should not be epened until all the signers were dead. Its contents were understood to be a piedge that in case of renewed insolence to any Republican Senator of the kind that had been so often practised it should be the duty of one of the three to take the quarrel up and make it his own to the full extent of the code—to the death, if need be. The import of the document became known, and the demeanor of the Southern firecaters toward the Republicans was changed to one of personal courtesy.

courtesy.

SERVICES DURING THE REBELLION. Mr. Chandler's speeches during this period attracted the attention of the whole country by their boldness, bluntness and vigor. No one dealt harder blows at slavery and at the embryo treason then plotting at Washington. When the storm of rebellion broke out he was a tower of strength to the Union cause. Whether urging a vigorous prosecution of the war upon the Administration, pushing measures for raising troops through Congress, or aiding enlistments in Michigan by personal exertions and subscriptions of money, he exhibited the same unflagging energy, singleness of purpose and devotion to the ideal of a free and united nationality. His conspicuous zeal and tireless activity got for him the sobriquet of "the great War Senator." He was a member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, composed on the part of the Senate of Wade, Chandler and Andrew Johnson, and on the part of the Hodse of Gooch, of Massachusetts, Coyode, of Pennsylvania, Julian, of Indiana, and Odell, of New-York. This committee was a thorn in the side of dilatory, half-hearted generals, who thought the war could be ended by delays and compromises. It used to summon them to Washington and question, them sharply about their movements. Among the officers it examined was General McClellan, who was asked about the cause of his long mactivity before he began the disastrous Peninsula campaign. He replied that it was because there were not sufficient means of communication with Washington, and called attention to the fact that there were only two bridges over the Potomac. Mr. Chandler asked what the number of bridges had to do with an advance movement, and General McClellan explained with much detail that it was one of the most important features of military strategy that a comportant features of military strategy that a com-Wade, Chandler and Andrew Johnson, and on the part with much detail that it was one of the most important features of military strategy that a commander should have plenty of room to retreat before making an attack. To this Mr. Chandler's response was: "General McClelian, if I understand you correctly, before you strike at the rebeis you want to be sure of plenty of room so that you can run in case they strike back." "Or in case you get scared," added senator Wade. THE CLOSE OF AN ACTIVE LIFE

Mr. Chandler was reflected to the Senate in 1863, and again in 1869. His course during the war and the reconstruction period is so familiar to all news paper readers that it need not be dwelt upon. It was as everybody knows, characterized by boldness, consistency and unswerving fidelity to the principles of liberty, equal rights and National unity. It would be interesting, if space permitted, to speak of his legislative work outside of strict party politics, his support of all measures giving wise protection to American industry, his agency, as chairman of the Commerce Committee, in the adoption of legislation for prosecuting great works of internal improvement, such as the St. Clair Flats Canal and the Mississippi jetties, his sturdy defeuce of the Nation's credit and financial honor, his uncompromising hostility to all the dishonest currency schemes that sprang up in the West, and his reso lute assertion of the rights and dignity of the United States in questions concerning her relations with other nations, which form the subject of several of the best chapters in the volume under consideration. His success as a member of President Grant's Cabinet from 1875 to 1877 in reforming the abuses and corruptions that prevailed in the Interior Department was so conspicuous as to win him a new title to public regard. He showed that he could be an able and honest executive officer, as well as a strong partisan and a zealous politician. He fulled of redection to the Senate in 1875 by reason of the Republican reverses in 1874, which sent so many Democrats to the Michigan Legislature that a few Republican members who were opposed to him held the balance of power, and succeeded in putting Christiancy in his place. In 1879

ceeded in putting Christianey in his place. In 1879 Christianey resigned, and the veteran Senator, who had been nearly two years out of public life, was returned to his old place.

Death evertook him before his mental or physical powers had begun to show decay, and while he was in the midst of hard political work. He took an active part in the eampaign of 1879, addressing large meetuags in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. On the evening of October 31 he spoke in Cheago, to the Young Men's Republican Club. After the meeting he talked with friends who called at his room in the Grand Pacific Hotel and seemed in his usual excellent health. He retired about midnight and was found next morning dead in his bed. The three lines quoted from Tennyson on the title page of the biography have a singular appropriateness to his death and character:

O iron nerve, to true occasion true, O faith at length that tower of strength Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew! Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!"
Senator Chandler's home-life was a happy one.
He married Letitia Grace Douglass, of New-York, a
noble, Christian woman, whose social accomplishments blended dignity with grace, and who fulfilled her share of the exacting duties attendant
upon his public career. Their only child is the
wife of the Hon. Eugene Hale, of Maine, and lives
at Ellaworth in that State. The Senator was
strongly attached to his family, and took great delight during the latter years of his life in remoing
with his daughter's three healthy, handsome boys.

LOYE IN LITERATURE.—Such books as those of M. de Maupassant are lopsided. They treat of the world as though it were influenced only by a single passion; whereas, one of the finest wits among his own countrymen might have taught him that there are not a few people who would never have thought of love octween the sexes if they had not heard so much conversation about it. It is the shortest-lived of our sentiments, and may well be described as a wayfarer who harriesh with us only for a day. Once upon a time a young Englishman, of good birth and connectious, was rewarded by the attention of a very pretty girl. After they had mutually gone through such prelimfiaries of courtship as are to be performed by willing minds at a distance, they oltimately had speech of each other. Then said the young lady, who was tail and upright as wand: "I generally come hither about half-past I in the afternoon." Having thus spoken she looked down with unconscious srace and wrote upon the ground with her umbrells, for the weather was uncertain, and though in love she was not without forethought. "Hang it! that is unlucky," replied the young gentleman of good birth and valuable connections, "we lunck at a 'cickek." Of this brief episode in the career of two British lovers the moral is that neither of them would sacrifice their convenience or regular habits to the vanities of amatory discourse. Two young Germans would almost certainly have acted in the same way; and Goethe, who knew something of the heart's mysteries, shows us a Tentonic swalu admiring nore the sirrling every-day virtue of cutting bread and butter judiciously than the roses and litles on his lady's checks or the liquid brightness of her eyes.—[Pail Mall Gass-tte.

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